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THE

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RELIGIOUS, INSTRUCTIVE, AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

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THE CATHOLIC WIFE.

"Beati mites; quoniam ipsi possidebunt terram."
"Blessed are the meek; for they shall possess the earth."
St. Matthew v. 4.

Alice Butler lived in a large and very poor village in one of the southern counties of England. She and her husband Andrew were very poor, hard-working peasants, and they had four children to feed and clothe by their daily labours. Combe-Bassett, the village in which they lived, was peopled with agricultural labourers like themselves, half-a-dozen small and great farmers, the village doctor, the shop, and the squire. There was no trade or manufacture of any kind in the place, and the only machinery besides ploughs, and harrows, and drills, was the knitting-needles plied by the old women and school-children of the parish. Combe was a pretty village enough in the summer, with a long, straggling, principal street, whose houses stood corner-ways, and edge-ways, jutting out and retiring back with an admirable *picturesqueness* and defiance of all rule. Here ran up a long slip of potatoe-ground, there lay a pig-sty; here stood a porch covered with china-roses and ivy, and then beyond was baker Giles's great oven, which supplied half the village with bread always, and mutton and pork pies on Sundays. Nearly at one end of the village lay the "Squire's" house, always called the "Great House," Court Bassett, where the Bassetts had lived time out of mind. It was an old-fashioned, red-brick house, many-windowed, and with towering chimneys and steep roofs, above which rose a turret-clock and a weathercock. In front of the house ran an old English terraced garden, with yew-trees clipped into all manner of quaint shapes, mixed with stone vases, and a moss-grown sun-dial in the middle. On one side of the house lay the Chapel, an old and small building, which had stood through all the grievous wars and desecrations of the change of faith, had been unroofed, and riddled through with cannon-balls, yet had never been profaned, nor used for any other than its original holy purpose, of a House of God, and an Altar of Sacrifice.

Alice knew that Chapel well, and loved it even better than she knew it. From the day on which she had had her white veil tied on by Mrs. Bassett's own hands, the never-to-be-forgotten day of her First Communion, she had regularly knelt there in the same place on every opportunity she could steal from her household duties, or that was not taken from her by her husband. There she had knelt before the bishop, when with his mitre on his head and his pastoral staff in his hand, he had signed her with the strengthening chrism, and bid her go forth in peace on her rough and difficult way. There she had shed many tears of contrition, of sorrow, and of rejoicing; there she had seen her children cleansed in the healing waters of baptism; there she had led them one by one, in spite of many obstacles, to adore Our Blessed Lord in the Sacrifice of the Altar, and to receive His blessing at Benediction, where the lights of the incense clearly mirrored to her devout fancy the Throne of the Lamb, before which the prayers of the Saints go up like sweet incense for ever and ever.

But we must go back a little, for Alice did not always so feel or so live. I have said that she had difficulties; every one, of course, has many crosses in this world. The poor have many that the rich do not know about, and the rich have many also which are unknown to their poor neighbours. If there be not outward, there are inward troubles; crosses of the heart and mind, which are sore trials to bear. Andrew Butler, Alice's husband, was a Protestant, and lately he had become vexed and surly whenever she performed any of her religious duties. She had married him when she was a thoughtless girl, and when she did not consider the evils she was bringing upon herself by that mixture of true and false faith which is hateful to God, and always, in some way or other, punished by Him. Andrew was different in those days. He was young and strong, had plenty of work and no cares; he was good-humoured, as young and healthy people are, and kind to Alice, because she pleased his fancy and made him comfortable. He had always work on Bradman's farm, the largest in Combe, and Alice either did field-work or sewing. She was strong, active, tidy, and *managing*, and always made up a clear fire, and had a nice rasher and greens for Andrew when he came home from his work; so they lived together very comfortably on the whole, for some time, notwithstanding the undisciplined state of both. By an undisciplined state, I do not mean that they could not read or write, or did not attend to their external duties. They could both read and write very well, and Andrew knew a little summing; and he went to the parish church exactly at eleven o'clock every Sunday in a clean smock-frock, and a gilly-flower or "everlasting" in his button-hole, as regularly as Alice put on her grey cloak and best black silk bonnet to go to the Catholic chapel; for as Mass began at ten o'clock she could manage to slip out afterwards and look to the children and the dinner. But, notwithstanding this fair-showing outside, Andrew and Alice were as untrained and really *unspiritual* as two people could well be. Their hearts were estranged from God, their thoughts were fixed on things of this world; they were careful to save, and patch, and *get on*, and careless of doing God's will, of loving their neighbour, and of the hour of death. When Andrew came out of church, all thoughts of religion were as regularly put away, as the church-keys were put away in the clerk's pocket till Sunday should come round again; and Alice returned to her cooking and gossipping with as great zeal as before. For though she was regularly seen at chapel, she was very seldom found in the Confessional or at Holy Communion; and without frequent self-examination and sacramental Food, the soul dwindles away and withers up, just as a poor sickly child pines for want of food.

Time went on, and things grew less smiling at Combe. The village increased, times became harder, Bradman's rent was

raised, and he turned off some of his workmen and lowered their wages, because the little farmers could not give so much. Not far from Combe-End, where the Butlers lived, sprang up a large, staring, red-brick building, oddly shaped, and with many small, square windows—the **Workhouse**—and part of it was soon filled with the destitute, ground-down, unemployed people of Combe-Bassett. Andrew grew silent and surly; a gloom fixed on his brow, and he took to going to hear the newspapers read, and to drink his beer at the Bassett Arms, instead of coming home to cobble his children's shoes. Alice shed many tears, and begged of him earnestly not to do so, but he first said nothing, and then gave her angry words, and bade her mind her own business.

"And is not this my business? Last night you spent three shillings, and Jenny has not shoes to her feet, and winter coming on. Surely, Andrew——"

"I can't be plagued with women's nonsense! Go to Bradman and ask him for shoes! They won't allow us bare ground to stand on soon! Go to him and say so, and tell him I sent you!"

"But, Andrew, if the times *be* bad, we ought not to make them worse; we can surely save what we get, instead of spending at the Bassett Arms."

"Hold your tongue!" cried Andrew, angrily and with an oath; "I know what your 'we' means. That is what you learn of your hypocritical priests, with their long gowns like women. You had better not preach to me, I can tell you, if you wish to keep whole bones. Besides, you have no business to contradict me, for Sam Shuffle says I am one of the elect, and I must know best."

"One of the elect! Sam Shuffle! Andrew, what do ye mean?"

"Why, I mean that I have left off a-going to that mouldy old church, and listening to a sleepy old parson. I have found out the true gospel, and joined the Primitive Methodists at Stoke, and I mean to take the children there to school. They say I shall be a shining light among 'em soon, and can begin to preach the word. Have you got any money by you, for I shall want some to go there to-night."

Poor Alice gave her husband her last shilling, and saw him depart with streaming eyes; but without any farther remonstrance, for there was a look in his eye, and a tone in his voice, she had never seen before. So the shining light elect stalked away down the Stoke Road, to join those companions, who, like himself, had found out that it is an easier trade to preach than to practise.

This was real heart-deep sorrow—Alice felt it, and she sat down in the chair behind her crying as if her heart would break. It was an untrained, unchecked, *natural* grief; she was frightened, surprised, lonely. She had not been accustomed to real self-examination, though she could say by heart the Christian's Daily Exercise in the Catechism, and had a vague notion that it was meant to be practised regularly. She had taken for granted, without knowing it, that life would always pass in the same manner; that Andrew would go to church peaceably, and let her go to chapel; and that Mrs. Bassett would have the children at her school, without any hindrance from her husband; and that every thing would in some way or other go on very well, as times went: for Alice had an *habitual* belief in the Fatherly care of God. Now a new world had opened upon her. Without any fault of hers (as she thought) everything was changed—Andrew had become reckless, harsh, and despotic; he was gone away to join himself to a set of people whose impious pretensions to be the interpreters of the meanings of Providence had always frightened her, she scarcely knew why; and he threatened to take the children from her too. He would spend everything he earned, let her and the children want, and ill-treat her besides. Who could say, too, whether Bradman would employ him if he talked and behaved so strangely? No wonder Alice's tears flowed—here was matter enough to cause them. After a while, however, they fell more gently, and in a different manner. Something seemed to occur to her mind, which caused her to look up towards an old wooden crucifix which had hung over the chimney-piece ever since the day of her First Communion. There had it hung, and Alice had often looked at it, but now it seemed to her quite new, and as if she had never seen it before. She *knew* that our Blessed Lord had hung just in that manner on the cruel cross, out of His wondrous love to sinners. She *knew* that she was a sinner, and that her sins had placed Him there; but never before had it *come home* to her, or become real and living exactly as it did now. Her tears burst forth afresh, but there was no bitterness in them—a sweet confidence spread itself through her heart. She was not afraid, she was no longer alone. "How wonderful indeed," she thought, "was that Divine Love! Jesus might have died in much less torture. He need not have suffered that fearful agony in the garden. He might have shortened His sufferings; He might have revenged His insults. Ah!" murmured Alice as she continued, "how was my Saviour afflicted and tormented, insulted and reviled, while I think so much of my little troubles, for they *are* little enough when one thinks of His! How angry Andrew makes *me*, and my Saviour was, like a Lamb, led to the slaughter-house. Like a Lamb, as St. John says; how mild and gentle that sounds! it melts one's very heart! A *wounded* Lamb, too, and yet never a word of complaint! Could I ever be like Him? yet why not? I remember Mr. Clifford said we ought to *imitate* Christ, and he asked us what that meant? He said it was to *do the same thing*. I suppose I can; and I remember he said every one could do so with the grace of God. How strange it is this all comes new-like to me!—how is one to get the grace of God?" The habitually-treasured words of the Catechism gave Alice an answer: "*By Prayer and the Holy Sacraments.*" "By Prayer and the Holy Sacraments," she repeated over again to herself. "I never quite rightly made out what the Sacraments were for; shall I slip up to Mr. Clifford now and ask to speak to him?—The neighbours would see me, and make game mayhap.—No, I'll wait till after dark, when the children will be safe in bed too."

I suppose it is partly owing to the dissensions and persecutions in our poor country, that the poor have so great a dread of appearing to need spiritual consolation, and especially so great a backwardness in approaching the Sacraments; for they, many of them, steal to Confession as if they were going to rob a hen-roost; and shun Holy Communion, lest their neighbours should jeer at them. This is truly bartering our heritage for less than a mess of pottage! Perhaps, I say, this reserve is *natural*, the effect of natural and unavoidable circumstances. But it is also, no doubt, partly owing to the extreme pride of the English character, which becomes easily stubborn and self-willed, hates docility, and shuns the appearance of obedience. Men who are always boasting of their liberty, and of being free-born, will very easily think meekness and humility, and subjection to spiritual authority, nothing less than slavery; and even women, who are naturally more submissive, if they once begin to struggle for fancied rights, and to contend for the mastery at home, will find a meek and obedient spirit very uncongenial and difficult to attain. We are all of us too apt to forget that our free birth does not hinder us from coming into the world under the yoke of Satan, slaves to, and "sold under sin."

Alice, happily, was habitually gentle and yielding, mostly owing to the good schooling she had under old Mrs. Bassett, who, besides and above reading and sewing, had trained the school-children to habits of obedience and submission from religious motives. She had not, therefore, this disposition to contend with, and she was anxious to learn as well as ready to listen. She popped on her grey cloak and Sunday bonnet, therefore, when the children were laid in bed, made up the fire safely, locked the door, and hid the key in the thatch, lest Andrew should come home and find the door shut against him; and with many tremours and looking fearfully around her, she walked quickly down the village street, where Mr. Clifford, or the Priest, lived. Nothing more than a quantity of deep mud, which, owing to the do-nothing policy of the good folks at Combe, always choked the roads during the winter months, and a cart or two, stood in Alice's path, and she stopped at last, panting and trembling, before Mr. Clifford's door. She lifted her hand to the knocker, and drew it back again. "How foolish I was to come!—How troublesome he will think me!—I know him so little—I will go back—I dare say he is deep in his books—Nancy says he reads a power of great ones—But he is so kind, so saint-like—How he nursed and comforted old Michael Hervey!—Yes, I am sure he will listen to me—I will go in." So Alice lifted the knocker in good earnest, and its familiar tap brought forth the identical Nancy who had described her master's studies in such terrific terms. She was an excellent strong-hearted soul (notwithstanding her fear of learning), fond of the poor, and devoted to the Church, of which her master in her eyes was one of the chiefest props and ornaments. She brought Alice gladly into the little hall, and hasted away to tell her master that he was wanted. Whatever number of books Mr. Clifford might be reading at once (and certainly he had a goodly pile before him), they were quickly dispatched, and in another minute Alice was sitting in his parlour, and telling him of her griefs so freely, that she quite forgot to wonder where her fears were gone to. Mr., or to give him his proper name, Father Clifford, was one of a Religious Order lately established in England. He and his colleague, Father Aloysius, had been settled at Combe-Bassett and a neighbouring town, where there was a large field for exertion in the true vineyard of Christ; and by the most unwearied and judicious labours, were best fulfilling their Lord's commands, to find both the sheep within the fold, and those others without it, of which He spoke, saying that they must also be brought to Him. These holy men knew that England is now well-nigh heathen again; that the work of conversion was to be begun throughout her borders very much as it was when St. Augustine preached at pagan Canterbury, and cried, "God be merciful to this country, for its sins are very great!" As if they had been sent to a heathen land, they preached, and warned, and roused, and threatened, and rested not day and night, with prayers, and watching, and rigid self-discipline, to implore God's blessing on the country, if perchance He might restore it to grace. For *now* they felt was a "time of renewing" from Him. There were signs of life amidst almost universal corruption, and of power to build up again some saints for God's Church. If this time went by, if these faint signs were unheeded, if the sleep of death was suffered to fall down again on the devoted heads of their countrymen, they might well shake off the dust from their feet, and go forth where God should send them, for then would He indeed say again as He said at guilty Jerusalem: "Let Us depart hence." Little would then avail the broad lands, and rich pastures, and sunny plains of merry England—little would avail her wealth, her power, her many ships, her brave soldiers, her million artizans, if the curse of God were upon all.

So knew and thought Father Clifford; and he turned all his energies to drawing the poor to the use of the Holy Sacraments, knowing that religious life without these is impossible. Wherever he had hitherto been, he had drawn crowds to the confessional, and from his experienced and skilful teaching, they had received the greatest benefit. He found Combe so sunk in self-ignorance and self-will, that even his experience was taken by surprise. But though astonished and humbled, (for a holy man is always humbled at the sight of sin), he was not cast down; he looked about for two or three people rather above the rest, and devoted all his energies to raising and fixing their principles, from whom he hoped a good influence on the whole village, and through whom he could work on it. He had already remarked a great gentleness in Alice, and saw what she might become. He had watched Andrew, and saw how easily he might be led out of what was only a dead lifeless habit of negative good conduct. What wonder, then, that he welcomed Alice even more cordially than usual, entered at once earnestly into her feelings and sorrows, and cheered her with the most fitting consolation. He seized this opportunity to confirm her particular view of the sufferings of our Lord—to point out that meekness was the virtue she ought especially to strive after, and that she ought to endure every cross, every trial, and every hardship in that peculiarly blessed spirit of Him, who is so beautifully described by the beloved apostle as "the Lamb which was slain;"—sinless and stainless, "holy, harmless, without spot," yet ever bleeding for the cleansing of our sins, ever hidden in profound obscurity in the veil of the Blessed Sacrament for our adoration.

That night was the turning-point of Alice's life.

THE DIARY OF A FANATIC.

"SUDBURY, Suffolk, Peter's Parish. Jan. the 9th, 1643. We brake down a Picture of God the Father, 2 Crucifix's and Pictures of Christ, about an hundred in all; and gave order to take down a Cross off the Steeple; and diverse Angels, 20 at least, on the Roof of the Church.—Sudbury, Gregory Parish. Jan. the 9th. We brake down 10 mighty great Angels in Glass, in all 80. *Athallows.* Jan. the 9th. We brake about 20 superstitious Pictures, and took up 30 brazen superstitious Inscriptions, *ora pro nobis*, and *pray for the soul*, &c.—Suffolk, at Haverl. Jan. the 6th, 1643. We broke down about an hundred superstitious Pictures, and seven Fryars before a Nunn, and the Picture of God and Christ, and diverse others very superstitious; and 200 had been broke down before I came. We took away two Popish Inscriptions with *ora pro nobis;* and we beat down a great stoneing Cross on the top of the Church.—At Clare, Jan. the 6th. We brake down 1,000 Pictures superstitious; I brake down 200; 3 of God the Father, and three of Christ, and the holy Lamb, and 3 of the Holy Ghost, like a dove with wings; and the 12 Apostles were carved in Wood, on the top of the Roof, which we gave order to take down; and 20 Cherubins to be taken down; and the Sun and Moon in the East Window, by the King's arms, to be taken down.—Feb. the 3rd. Wenham Magna. There was Nothing to reform.—Ufford, Aug. 31st. * * In the Chancel, we brake down an Angel; 3 *orate pro anima*, in the Glass; and the Trinity in a Triangle and 12 Cherubims on the Roof of the Chancel; and nigh a 100 Jesus —Maria, in Capital Letters; and the Steps to be levelled. And we brake down the Organ Cases, and gave them to the Poor. In the Church there was on the Roof, above a 100 Jesus and Mary, in great Capital Letters; and a Crosier Staff to be broke down, in Glass; and above 20 Stars on the Roof. There is a glorious Cover over the Font, like a Pope's Tripple Crown, with a Pelican on the Top, picking its Breast, all gilt over with Gold."—*The Journal of William Dowsing of Stratford.*

SOME PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF ST. ALPHONSUS DE LIGUORI.

It has been beautifully said by the Abbé Ratisbonne in the beginning of his Life of St. Bernard, "Happy is the man who on his entrance into life has often been regarded, animated, penetrated by the eye of a tender and virtuous mother! This look has a magic power on the soul of the infant! It darts forth rays of sweetness and life; and as the sun fructifies by his rays the productions of earth, and softens them by impregnating them, as it were, with the solar substance, so does the eye of a mother implant in the soul of her son the sacred character of love."

Alphonsus de Liguori enjoyed this unspeakable advantage; his mother watched over him with the tenderest care, and taught him herself the knowledge of religion, the bond which unites man to God. Every morning she blessed her children, then heard them offer up their thanksgivings and prayers to God; and every evening she assembled them around her and taught them the elements of Christian doctrine, after which they recited the rosary and other prayers in honour of different saints. His mother strove to implant in his heart a most tender love for Jesus Christ, and a filial confidence in His Virgin Mother, and the success of her endeavours have been proved by the holiness of his life which afterwards led to his canonization. Oh! if all mothers were inspired with a holy emulation to imitate Donna Catharina de Liguori, how many Saints would be added to the Church of God! Instead of amusing himself with the games and toys common to his age, the child took delight in erecting little altars, and celebrating in his own manner the feasts of different saints; and how could it be otherwise, than that these blessed spirits should obtain for him extraordinary graces, and that even in his childhood he should experience the delight of celestial communications, while his soul in prayer was united to her God?

There is a party in this benighted land, who imagine that with them originated the idea of Sunday Schools. In this, as in a thousand other instances, they only proclaim their own ignorance, by supposing to be new, customs and practices which hundreds of years since, have been carried to perfection in the church of God.

Alphonsus when twelve years old attended a Sunday School, taught at that time (1708) by the fathers of St. Jerome. After vespers these fathers used to take their pupils an excursion into the country. It happened on one occasion that being in the gardens of the Prince de la Riccia, the boys began to play at a certain game, and invited Alphonsus to join them. He excused himself on the plea of ignorance, but as they insisted on his playing he consented, and fortune favouring him, he soon won some small pieces of money. One of the losers became excessively angry, and called out, "It was you, was it, who did not know the game?" adding some very unbecoming expressions. Alphonsus reddened—and with an air of severe dignity he said, "How now!—Shall God be offended for the sake of a few miserable pence? Take back your money!" And throwing it on the ground, he turned from them and walked away.

Evening came—it was time to return to Naples, but Alphonsus was nowhere to be found. All ran to look for him, searching every alley and corner of the garden. At length he was discovered kneeling before a little image of the Blessed Virgin, and so absorbed in prayer that it was some time before the noise made by his companions aroused him.

Advancing in virtue as he advanced in age, while yet a youth his edifying behaviour converted a Moorish slave belonging to his father's household. His father, Don Joseph, as commander of the galleys, had several Moorish slaves in his service. Bigotedly attached to their own sensual religion, one only among them all desired to be made Christian. He had previously been placed in attendance on Alphonsus, and when asked what had induced him to change, he replied, "The example of my young master, for it is impossible that religion can be false, which makes him lead a life so pure and holy." While the Moor was receiving instruction in order to prepare him for baptism, he was taken ill and removed to the hospital. One evening about nine o'clock he became excessively agitated, and earnestly requested to see his young master and the father who was instructing him. They were sent for immediately, and as soon as they arrived, the slave eagerly demanded baptism. "I have seen the Madonna," he said, "with St. Joseph and St. Joachim, and they have told me that I must be baptised immediately, because they wish to have me in Paradise." The father replied that his illness was not at all dangerous, and besides that he was not sufficiently instructed. "Let your reverence question me," replied the slave, "and you will find me able to answer every question." This was indeed the case; a momentary glimpse of our Blessed Mother is worth years of study; the heaven-taught Moor knew every truth necessary for salvation! They baptised him, and desired him to go to sleep, for he had need of rest. "There is no time for sleep," said he, "for I am going immediately to Paradise." Every one smiled at him, for his sickness was not thought dan-

gerous, but in about half an hour, this young Christian, his countenance radiant with heavenly joy, gave up his pure soul into the hands of his Creator.

After innumerable difficulties on the part of his friends, Alphonsus succeeded in entering the Church, when immediately his ministrations were attended with the most wonderful effects. Sinners hardened in crime were brought to a knowledge of their misery, and Christians who had led irreproachable lives were carried under his direction to the highest degrees of perfection. But the poor were his special care. The lowest and vilest of Naples were sought out by him, and soon the moral wilderness began to bloom and blossom as gardens of the Lord. He used to assemble these people in remote quarters of the city, and instruct them during the summer evenings. It so happened that some persons who lived in the neighbourhood where they met, took alarm at seeing such crowds, and listening at their windows and catching disjointed sentences, they imagined it to be some revolutionary plot, and accordingly gave notice to the government, who sent a party of soldiers to apprehend the ringleaders. Alphonsus heard of this, but not in time to warn every one, and two of his most remarkable penitents, Peter Barbarese, and Lucas Mardoni (formerly notorious sinners) were apprehended, bound with cords, and carried before the governor. On the way, Mardoni said laughing to Barbarese, "Comrade, I fear this politeness is not to your taste!" "On the contrary," replied Barbarese, "I rejoice in it; but Jesus Christ was bound with harder cords than these."

When the governor questioned them and heard the name of Liguori he was satisfied all was right —but curious to know more of these meetings, he continued to ask questions, when all of a sudden the bell was heard announcing the procession of the Blessed Sacrament carried to a dying penitent. Forgetting in a moment the Governor's presence and their own position as prisoners, the two cried out simultaneously, "It is our Lord, it is our Lord!" And running to the balcony prostrated themselves on the floor. It was enough —the Governor asked no more, but dismissed them, while tears of tenderness and consolation flowed from his eyes.

Holy St. Alphonsus, pray for us.

A MEXICAN HORSEMAN

Few things can be more complete for all weathers and all seasons, than the outfit of a Mexican horseman. He has everything that can contribute to the comfort or necessity of the passing hour, strapped to some part of his horse or his usual equipments. First of all, he has his broad brimmed, steeple-crowned *sombrero*, covered with oil-skin; next, his short leathern jacket, fancifully embossed with plated nails, like the old buff coats of the feudal freebooters; then, his leather trousers with rows of buttons at the seam, preventing the chafing of the saddle, and his leggings to protect his feet and ankles; in front of him are his *armas de agua*, a large skin cut in two parts, the ends of which on one side are fastened to the saddle-bow; the other two being tied behind him, so that his legs are entirely protected from rain; before them, again, are strapped his pistols, while, passing beneath his left leg, rests his trusty *toledo*. From the peak in front hangs his *lasso*, a long running noose, with which he catches his horse in the morning; and behind him is strapped his *serape*, or blanket-cloak, with a slit in the middle, which he throws over his head when it rains or is cold, and protects him from the weather as by a perfect thatch. Thus mounted on his high-peaked Spanish saddle, with stiff wooden stirrups, over which are long ears of leather; and his feet armed with the huge Spanish spur, to which is attached a small ball of finely-tempered steel, that strikes against the long rowels at every tread of the man or beast, and rings like a fairy bell, you have a complete picture of a Mexican horseman, equipped at every point and ready for the road. If he has to fight, he has his weapons; if to feed, he has his laden mule; if it rain, he dons his *serape* and *armas de agua*, and rides secure from storm and wind; and if he arrives at an Indian hut, after a long and toilsome journey, and no bed is ready to receive him, he spreads the skins on the earthen floor— his saddle is his pillow, and his blanket a counterpane. He is the compendium of a perfect travelling household.—*Mayer's Mexico.*

IMITATION OF THE RANZ DES VACHES.*

When shall I return to the Land of the Mountains,
The Lakes, and the Rhone that is lost in the earth;
Our sweet little hamlets, our villages, fountains,
The flower-clad rocks of the place of my birth?
O when shall I see my old garden of flowers,
Dear Emma the sweetest of blooms in the glade,
And the rich chesnut grove where we pass'd the long hours,
With tabor and pipe, while we danc'd in the shade?
When shall I revisit the Land of the Mountains,
Where all the fond objects of memory meet:
The cows that would follow my voice to the fountains,
The lambs that I call'd to the shady retreat;
My father, my mother, my sister and brother,
My all that was dear in this valley of tears;
My palfrey grown old, but there's ne'er such another;
My dear dog, still faithful, tho' stricken in years;
The vesper bell tolling, the loud thunder rolling;
The bees that humm'd round the tall vine-mantled tree;
The smooth water's margin whereon we were strolling,
When evening painted its mirror for me.
And shall I return to this scenery never?
These objects of infantine glory and love?
O tell me, my dear Guardian Angel, that ever
Floats nigh me, safe guide to the regions above.

*The original lines from which the verses above are freely translated, are still among the most popular in Switzerland. It is said that the music to which they are joined had such an effect on the Swiss guards in the pay of Lewis XV. and XVI. that it became necessary to forbid the singing or playing of it in their barracks.

THE BLACK LADY.

(Continued from page 23.)

CHAPTER III.

THE THRUSH'S NEST.

In the morning Conrad awoke Eugene and Annette betimes. "Now children," said he, "it is time for you to get up. The sheep are quite noisy in the shed, and want to get out on the hills. They seem to be saying, that you are more lazy than they."

The children rubbed their eyes and immediately rose, dressed themselves and said their morning prayers, not forgetting a little prayer which they never omitted, in which they begged our Blessed Lady—their sweet Mother in Heaven—to pray for them and keep them from evil. By this time they were ready for their breakfast; and when Conrad spread out before them their frugal meal, they did ample justice to the new milk and the coarse bread. He then gave them their day's provision, which consisted of bread, cheese, some apples and a bottle of milk. Eugene put the little store into a kind of satchel, which he slung over one shoulder, put on his hat, grasped his stick, and made his way to the sheep-fold, which he opened. And then there was such a hubbub as never was seen, all the sheep tugging and struggling to get through the door at the same time, so eager were they to be out enjoying the fresh air of the morning. And the faithful Castor was there too, running about keeping every thing in order, and barking his loudest at the sight of the impetuosity of the sheep. And more than once he showed a strong inclination to let them feel his superiority; but Eugene kept him in. After the sheep came the goats headed by a superb buck, whose beard was longer than little Annette's silken tresses—and Eugene often told her so to annoy her. The goats bounded gaily on, till they overtook the sheep; and this was no difficult matter either, for there was Castor in front of them, jumping about like a mad thing, and keeping them at bay by a liberal display of two formidable rows of teeth.

"On, on!" cried Eugene waving his stick, "here, Castor!" and the dog left the head of the column, and came and walked quietly by the side of the little shepherd.

"And now, children, be prudent," said Conrad to them. "If you see the clouds beginning to gather, come back as quickly as you can. But above all things, don't go near the lake."

"Oh, no," answered Annette with her silver voice, "I dare not—*the Black Lady!* Oh, dear me! I dreamt about her all last night." Conrad smiled: and the two little children walked away.

"Well, after all," said Conrad when he was left alone, "it is very amusing to see how frightened little Annette is of the lady. God knows what was the meaning of Father Morand's questions. His mysterious hints have really made me very uneasy. I wish I had never met him at all. I have had much trouble in bringing these children up, and now they begin to be of use to me. No, no, it must not be: I would rather leave this part of the country." And he went on kneading his bread. "I must make them a nice cake," continued he; "it will please them, when they come back at night. The poor children are so interesting and so fond of me, that I cannot do less than strive by every means in my power, to make them comfortable and happy."

In the mean time, Eugene and Annette had reached the spot where the flocks were to stop that day. The sheep spread over the meadows: and the goats who loved climbing, made their way to a little hill, and were soon seen scattered among the stunted trees, nibbling the tender branches of the hawthorn, the oak, and the elm, which were growing in that spot, in the midst of rocks.

"And now, Annette," said Eugene, seating himself near his little sister, under the shadow of a large tree, "tell me why you cried out so often last night? you must have had some terrible dream? Eh?"

"Oh, yes, brother; I tremble even now when I think of it. It was about you that I dreamt."

"About me, do you say? so I made you cry out, did I?"

"Well, don't laugh at me," said she, looking at him affectionately, "and I will tell you all about it. Listen. I dreamt that *the Black Lady* came and took you away; and that she carried you into a beautiful castle and kept you there. I was fit to cry my eyes out, and called after you for a long time, but you would'nt come back any more."

"True enough, Annette, I heard you calling out my name. Well, and what happened next?"

"Why the next thing was, that I was left quite by myself. Tell me now, if *the Black Lady* wanted to take you away from us, would you have the heart to leave me? Oh dear! I'm sure I should die of grief."

"Stop, stop, sister dear; don't mind it. You know well enough, and it was only the other day that uncle Conrad told us so, that dreams are all nonsense; so make yourself quite easy about it; I won't leave you."

"Are you sure?"

"Oh, yes! when I say a thing, you may always believe it."

"So you will always love me, will you?"

"Yes, always." And then little Annette threw her arms round his neck and kissed him.

"Hush, hush," said Eugene, putting his fore-finger to his lips to enjoin silence, "don't make a noise. Do you see that thrush up there? It has a worm in its beak. I understand; it has a nest up there. Now to show you that I love you well, I'll climb up and get the nest and bring it to you. I'll give you the young ones."

Annette was quite delighted. Eugene clambered up the tree, found the nest, and put out his hand to take it; but the birds were all fledged and flew away. One of them fell to the ground, and tried to hide itself among the underwood. Eugene made haste down the tree, took his hat in his hand and gave chase. But every time he expected to get hold of it, the bird escaped him and flew farther away. At last it sought refuge in a little boat, that was floating near the edge of the lake. Eugene jumped into the frail bark, pursued the bird till he caught it at the farther end, and, full of joy, he showed it to his sister, who had anxiously followed him, and was there ready to receive it. But, alas! the boat had floated away from the shore. The rough movements of Eugene in pursuing the bird from one corner to another had broken the moorings, and the wind, which was blowing pretty strong, also helped to carry away the little vessel. Unfortunately there was nothing in the boat to guide it with; and the poor child was exposed on the open lake, without either rudder or oars. In his fright, Eugene let the little bird escape: it fell into the lake and was drowned. As for the boy, he began to call out lustily for assistance; at the sound, the flocks that were grazing near, raised their heads for a moment, and looked about them; the noise died away in distant echoes among the hills, but no one came.

Annette ran about frantically on the beach, filling the air with her cries; she did not know what to do, as she saw her dear brother carried farther and farther away from her. She fell upon her knees, raised up her innocent hands to Heaven, begging the Lord to have mercy on her brother and protect him. But the increasing wind drove the boat farther and farther away; and the last that Annette saw of it, was as it was carried out of her sight, behind a headland that jutted into the lake, by a high and angry wave, that looked as if it would next moment bury vessel and all in the depths of the stormy lake.

She then thought that her brother was lost to her for ever; and was inconsolable. Her thoughts naturally turned on *the Black Lady*, and of course every thing was her doing, and she was going to suck the boy's blood. Perhaps she had changed herself into the shape of the thrush to entice him away; and the boat was nothing more or less than an instrument of the Lady's power; because, when it floated away without any one pushing it, it had obeyed the breath of the sorceress, whose wand had exercised an invisible influence over it.

And thus the poor child reasoned; full of terror, and fearing to become in her turn the victim of the persecution of the mighty enchantress, she ran away from the lake, made the dog gather the flock as quickly as possible, took up Eugene's satchel, and hurried home to tell her uncle the misfortune that had happened. She cried as she went; and her sorrow increased more and more, as she approached nearer home.

CHAPTER IV.

CONRAD HEARS THE NEWS.

CONRAD had just put his bread into the oven, when the bleating of the sheep announced the return of the flock. As he had been busy all morning, and had paid no attention to the weather, he thought at first, that the approach of a storm had brought them back thus suddenly; for it was not as yet eleven o'clock. But he soon learnt from the lamentations of Annette, that some occurrence out of the ordinary run of events, had taken place.

"Annette, my dear," said he to her, "come here and tell me why you are crying thus."

Annette drew near, and told him every thing that had happened. Conrad embraced

her, comforted her, took her into his arms, left Castor to guard the house, and flew to the shore of the lake. She pointed out to him the fatal tree, and the spot where the boat was moored; both of them raised their voices and called Eugene; but their cries were lost in the roarings of the wind, which now began to blow with violence—in the tumult of the angry waves—in the rustling of the leaves.

Conrad runs round to the other side of the headland, behind which the boat had disappeared; he once more raises his voice and calls upon Eugene; but it's all useless—Eugene is lost.

Meanwhile the sky grows darker and darker, a hurricane ploughs up the bosom of the lake, brilliant flashes of lightning illumine the atmosphere, and the loud thunder, repeated by the echoes of the mountains, rolls with an awful crash over their heads.

"Let us return home, my child," said Conrad to the little girl; "we can do nothing more for your poor brother: God will take care of him."

But Annette will not hear of consolation. Her tears flow uninterruptedly; she continually calls out for her brother Eugene; she cannot forget him who promised to love her always. The storm shook Conrad's little cabin; a violent tempest raged over all the country; the rain fell in torrents; and it was impossible to leave the house to gain any information about the fate of poor little Eugene. The village clock tolled the hour of mid-day, and Conrad sate down for dinner with Annette. But the poor child could not eat; she was still crying and calling for her brother. Her uncle attempted to console her: "Now don't cry, there's a dear. As soon as the storm is over, we will go and find the fishermen of the village, and ask them to go and look for Eugene on the lake. Who knows but we shall see him here again before night?"

Still Conrad was not without uneasiness about the fate of the boy. He was afraid the wind might have capsized the boat, and that Eugene might thus have met with a grave in the midst of the waters. Towards evening, the wind having subsided a little, he visited some of his neighbours, and related to them the misfortune that had happened to Eugene. These good people were as much afflicted as Conrad himself; for they all loved the little boy; they offered their services to man a little boat, and go and seek him on the lake. They sailed backwards and forwards for a long time; called Eugene a thousand times; but they found neither boat nor child, and returned to the village full of sorrow, bearing the sad news—sad to every one that heard it—that Eugene was lost.

"Did you sail over that part of the lake, where the castle of *the Black Lady* is?" said Conrad to one of them.

"Trust me for that," answered the man; "I kept far enough from it. Who is there in all the village bold enough to present himself before that castle?"

Conrad shrugged up his shoulders at this answer; thanked his neighbours for the zeal they had shown in seeking Eugene; and returned to his own cottage with little Annette, who was still asking for her brother.

The history of the disappearance of Eugene, soon spread through all the country side, and furnished ample subject for conversation. The reader may easily guess who was the supposed author of all the mischief; who else but the sorceress of *the Terrible Castle?* And to hear all the extravagant things that the villagers uttered about her, one would have supposed her possessed of a power little short of omnipotence.

"I know what I would do," said one old man: "if I were as young as you, my friends, I would brave every thing; I would go and set fire to this strong-hold of iniquity, where that agent of Satan dwells; and by that means, I would free the country for ever from the wickedness of this wretch!"

The young men put on an incredulous smile. "Do you think so, Father Meinrad?" said one of them to him. "I should like to see you at it. I'll tell you what—you would not move half-a-dozen steps from the place, before you found yourself rushing through the air in the shape of an owl, or something of the sort. What, attack *the Black Lady!* a very likely story! I would give something to see the jolly dog that would strive to cope with her."

And at the recollection of the atrocities attributed to her, an involuntary shudder crept through the limbs of all that were present. All these discussions did not calm the grief of Conrad and Annette. The poor child was evermore repeating the name of her lost brother. For several days she was in such low spirits, that Conrad began to fear it would end in serious sickness. She did not wish any more to conduct the flocks into the fields; she dared not so much as leave the house for fear of meeting *the Black Lady.* The least noise that she heard made her tremble like

an aspen leaf; and for some days Conrad entertained serious thoughts of sending her away for a time from *that* part of the country; in the hope that change of place would make her forget her brother and moderate her grief. But it would have afflicted him sorely to be separated from the dear child; so he endeavoured to divert her mind from these harassing thoughts, and his efforts were crowned with some slight success.

CHAPTER V.

ANNETTE'S SURPRISE.

By degrees, the poor child began to get reconciled to the loss of her brother; and at last took courage to lead out her little flock into the fields once more. The faithful dog was always by her side. When she reached the spot where she had seen Eugene for the last time, a torrent of tears burst from her eyes. She trembled as she looked at the fatal tree, the cause of the cruel loss she had suffered.

One day when she was plunged in her sorrowful thoughts, she continued sitting on the grass till long after her usual hour for returning home. The sun had already sunk behind the mountains, when Annette began to think of retiring. She assembled her little flock; but there was one goat missing; it was a particular favourite of Annette's, and she had hung a little silver bell round its neck. And now she began to despair of ever seeing it again, feeling certain that her pet must have been carried off by enchantment, like her brother Eugene. She sought it everywhere; and when she was just on the point of giving up in despair, she found it lying behind a thick bush. She scolded it well for being so far away, and led it to where the others were standing. But, see a wonder! she beheld tied round its neck, beside the little bell, a beautiful silken purse. She had not the courage to touch it; she was afraid of witchcraft. Wavering between hope and fear she went home with the flock, and told uncle Conrad all about the matter. Conrad untied the purse, opened it, and found in it six crown pieces, with a paper bearing the words: "*For Annette, the little Shepherdess, sister of Eugene.*"

"Now, what can all this mean?" said the little thing, quite overjoyed. "Whoever can have fastened this purse to the neck of my goat? I fancy it must be *the Black Lady.*"

Conrad himself was much amazed at what he saw; he knew well enough, that none of his neighbours were rich enough to make the child so valuable a present; and *his* thoughts, too, naturally turned upon the *Lady.* "But why this mystery?" said he, "why give it in this underhand manner?" Although he never for a moment entertained the same ideas which the country people did of this formidable lady, still he could not account for this proceeding; so he waited till time should solve the mystery, and till circumstances should discover the author of the gift.

He forbade Annette to say a word to any one about the money; because he wished to avoid all discussions on the subject with the inhabitants of the village, and he was afraid of raising their jealousy and envy.

A day or two after the occurrence we have just mentioned, the child found herself again in the fields with her flocks; the dog was not with her. It was a beautiful day, the heat was quite overpowering; so Annette lay down at the foot of an oak and fell fast asleep. On awakening, she found lying at her feet a beautiful little basket, ingeniously made of rushes, and in it an apron gaily bedecked with red ribbands, a rich cake, some apples, and *a prayer book* bound in fine leather and covered with gilding.

"My goodness!" cried she, "another present!" This time she was not so timid, and the idea of being bewitched never once entered her mind. She looked at the basket for some time with the most intense joy beaming from her eyes; at last she opened it. "Oh! what a fine basket!" she exclaimed, a smile lighting up all her features, "and such a nice little book, and apples too, and a cake! where can they come from unless from *the Black Lady!* Now I shall always love her, since she is so good; yes, I must love her, and uncle Conrad says she is not wicked. Good lady, I thank you for all the presents you have sent me."

She tasted the cake and found it excellent, much better than those which uncle Conrad made for her. She felt inclined to run home immediately, and tell her uncle the whole story; but she knew that Conrad was away, and would not be home again before night. She must, therefore, moderate her joy, and wait all the time till the lazy sun had retired beneath the hills.

It was with a new astonishment that Conrad heard of this generosity, and he said to the girl—"You see, my child, that the Lord

has touched the heart of some kind person in the country, who takes a pleasure in doing you these little favours. Pray piously to God, and who knows but He may one day give you back your brother."

"My brother?" cried Annette in a lively transport of joy, "can he, think you, be still alive? But, no; alas! he is surely drowned in the lake; Eugene is dead." And the tears began to flow from her eyes. But still the good little child never ceased praying to God for her brother and the unknown person that sent her the presents. That night she dreamt of her pretty apron and her prayer book; and next day she was more willing than ever to take charge of the sheep. Seating herself once more under the same tree, she began turning over the leaves of her book, looked at her apron, thought on a thousand pleasing things, and, in fact, considered herself happier than a princess. Only one thing was wanting to complete her joy—and that was Eugene, her own dear brother.

"Oh! if he were here," said she to herself, "how much he would enjoy reading this nice book, because he is already very learned. But never mind, I shall know as much as he does soon; and next winter when I go to school, I must study very diligently. None of the other little girls will have such a nice book as mine; oh! how they will envy me when I show it to them!"

And thus did little Annette reason with herself. That day passed very quickly; she had so many things to keep her busy; and does it require much to occupy the mind of a child six years old? She would have liked to have fallen asleep again, in the hope of finding some new play-things on awaking. But sleep, which she longed for in vain, never came near her. All her efforts are quite unavailing—no sleep, no presents. N. G.

[*To be continued.*]

GREATNESS OF MAN.

MAN is but a reed—the weakest reed in nature: but he is a reed that thinks. There is no need that all material creation should rise against him to crush him. A vapour, a drop of water is enough to kill him. But even if all material creation were to rise and crush him, man would be greater than it; for he would know that he was crushed; and the matter which destroyed him would know nought of it.

Thus all our dignity consists in thought. It is by it that we must rise, not by our bodily powers, not by our length of life. Let us then strive to think well. This is the first principle of morality.—PASCAL.

THE BROKEN CROSS,

IN AN ENGLISH CHURCH-YARD.

HERE, when the evening clos'd around,
Oft would the mourner come—
Mourning the dear departed one
Borne from his sorrowing home.

Here, on the footstep of the cross,
The burning tear he shed;
Here rais'd to heaven the fervent prayer—
Here pray'd he for the dead.

And was the prayer of faith thus told
Amid the graves around,
Beside the symbol of his hope,
Of no availment found?

'Twas heard by God: 'twas heard by him
For whom that prayer was said:
The prayer of faith bound earth to heaven,
The living to the dead.

It calm'd, consol'd:—he turn'd aside:
This life would soon be past;
Like prayer would waft his soul above,
Where all would meet at last.

Oh, bless'd communion of the saints,
Whether in earth or heaven!
Oh, blessed cross, the rallying sign
Of Hope, by Mercy given!

O'er it the clustering angels hung,
And ere the mourner's sigh
Had left his breast, they caught it up
And wafted it on high.

* * * * * *

Time fled apace. Vain man has wrought
His own unhallow'd change;
And where long dwelt the ancient faith,
Are doctrines new and strange.

No cross tells these are Christian graves:
Their knees no suppliants bend;
The hope is gone which erst consol'd
The sad and lonely friend.

The broken cross scarce rises o'er
The all-neglected dead:
No mourner heeds that saving sign,
No kindly prayer is said.

The elder faith, some cling to yet;
That broken cross some heed,
And pause to invoke for those around
Their charitable creed.

'Tis sad, 'tis sad to see those mounds
Rise, as o'er a kindred clay;
'Tis sad that only strangers weep
To wash their sins away.

'Tis sad, 'tis sad to see the cross,
Whose arms for all were spread,
Thus trampled down: but, oh! 'tis sad,
Most sad upon the dead!

Faith! that in childhood's hour I learn'd,
My joy, my trust, mine all:
Mine every hope and aim in life,
May thy blest ties enthral!

And may the cross upon my tomb
Obtain for me the prayer,
That peace be granted to the soul
Of her who slumbers there.

ANONYMOUS.

LONDON CHURCHES.

I stood, one Sunday morning
Before a large church-door,
The congregation gather'd
And carriages a score—
From one outstepp'd a lady
I oft had seen before.

Her hand was on a prayer-book,
And held a vanaigrette;
The Sign of man's redemption
Clear on the book was set—
But above the Cross there glisten'd
A golden Coronet.

For her the obsequious beadle
The inner door flung wide,
Lightly, as up a ball-room,
Her footsteps seem'd to glide—
There might be good thoughts in her
For all her evil pride.

But after her a woman
Peep'd wistfully within,
On whose wan face was graven
Life's hardest discipline—
The trace of the sad trinity
Of weakness, pain, and sin.

The few free seats were crowded,
Where she could rest and pray;
With her worn garb contrasted
Each side in fair array—
"God's house holds no poor sinners,
She sigh'd, and crept away.

Old Heathendom's vast temples
Held men of every fate;
The steps of far Benares
Commingle with the great;
The dome of Saint Sophia
Confounds all human state.

The aisles of blessed Peter
Are open all the year;
Throughout wide Christian Europe
The Christian's right is clear—
To use God's house in freedom,
Each man the other's peer.

Save only in that England
Where this disgrace I saw—
England where no one crouches
In tyranny's base awe—
England, where all are equal
Beneath the eye of Law.

Yet there, too, each Cathedral
Contracts its ample room—
No weary beggar resting
Within the holy gloom—
No earnest student musing
Beside the famous tomb!

Who shall remove this evil
That desecrates our age—
A scandal great as ever
Iconoclastic rage?
Who to this Christian people
Restore their heritage?

Richard Monckton Milnes, Esq.

ENGLISH CATHEDRAL MUSIC.

When a composition is committed into the hands of incompetent persons, it is not a performance of it, but a travestie. The singer and the composer must have a coincidence of soul and sentiment, or the intent of the composition is not manifest. A ploughman as the reader of Shakspeare, and a country lay-clerk of the present day as the singer of Purcell, are engaged in a work for which they are equally, and for a similar reason, unfitted. In proportion as the style of music is elevated—that is, in proportion as it reaches and expresses the loftiness of its subject—in proportion as it is precisely what it ought to be—will the incompetency of the singer appear more conspicuous. Yet into such hands—to journeymen at fourteen shillings a-week—is it intended that such music shall be exclusively committed for performance. The class of persons for whom it was written—men of education as well as musical knowledge—are henceforward to be excluded from every choir. "It is not my intention," said the Bishop of London, "to tax the musical powers of the minor canons." Are we accustomed thus to deal with music elsewhere?—are we content with vulgarity, or even with mediocrity, when it appears in the form of an entertainment? On the contrary, is not Europe ransacked for singers and players? and, if any are known to exist surpassing or reputed to surpass the average degree of excellence, is any sum thought too large to obtain their services? Often does a single singer at the Queen's Theatre receive at the end of a season an amount of money larger than is paid to the united choirs (meaning by the word "choirs" those who sing) of St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. This would not be a very creditable state of things, even if we had to pay for our choirs as we do for our opera-singers; but this is not required of us. Not a shilling needs to be drawn from our pockets, no rates need to be levied, no jangling vestries need dispute, no appeals to courts ecclesiastical or civil need arise, no church-rate martyrs need suffer. The piety of our forefathers has insured not a "moderate and economical," but an ample and munificent provision for public worship, in the noble edifices which they erected to the honour of God. Let this be justly and honestly administered, let the statutes of cathedrals be enforced, and the end is accomplished. —*British and Foreign Review.*

All perfection is founded upon two only principles, by attending to which, if we fulfil the daily duties of our state of life, we shall assuredly arrive at the very height and fulness of it. The first is a most complete contempt for all created things, and, above all, of ourselves; from which contempt we may derive in practice a complete detachment and forsaking of all created things, both as to the affections with a resolute determination of the will, and in reality when and where there is a necessity for that, and at the same time, above all, a complete contentment and joy whenever our Lord deprives us of the sense of his presence or of any thing else whatsoever. The second principle is a most lofty esteem of God, which easily is acquired by considering with the light of faith, how he is all-powerful, our chief good, our end, and that he hath loved us so much, and that he is always present with us, and governs us in all things both in the order of nature and of grace, and in particular that he calleth each one of us, and conducteth us with a singular vocation unto the highest degrees of perfection. From this esteem will farther spring up a promptness and a great submission of the heart, and of the whole man to the divine will, to adore it, and to accomplish all that which it wills of us to his greater glory, without any regard to our own interest, much as such a desire is even holy; and at the same time a complete conformity to the divine will, so that it be the scope of all our designs, affections, and actions; by these means the soul arriveth at union, now no longer mystical through the means of raptures and elevations of the mind and vehement affections, but solid and real and universal by means of a will sovereignly conformed to that of God, through perfect love, which urgeth us to act blindly altogether in and for God. And of this we are all capable, and to this we may all securely arrive, though infallibly not without crosses.—Father Gagliardi.

GOOD THINGS FROM THE CALENDAR;

OR, FACTS AND THOUGHTS WORTHY TO BE KNOWN AND STUDIED DAILY.

January 19th. ST. WULSTAN.

St. Wulstan, remarkable for the innocence and sanctity of his life, was consecrated bishop of Worcester in 1062, and diligently fulfilled all the duties of a good pastor. He immediately began to visit his diocese, ordain priests, reprove sinners, and excite all by word and example to the desire of eternal life. Towards penitents he showed the most tender compassion, and often wept over them, whilst they confessed their sins. While he thus watched over the salvation of others, he was careful not to neglect his own, but by continual prayer, mortification, and unbounded charity to the poor, laid up for himself a treasure in heaven. He died in 1095, and was buried at Worcester.

January 20th. SS. FABIAN AND SEBASTIAN, MM.

St. Fabian was bishop of Rome, and having governed the church 16 years, was put to death in the persecution of Decius, in 250: the glory of his death answering the purity and holiness of his life.

St. Sebastian was a soldier, having entered the army that he might be better able, without any suspicion, to assist the confessors and martyrs in their sufferings. In the heat of the persecution he so encouraged the Christians, that many offered themselves to the torture. At last he was impeached before the emperor, who ordered him to be bound to a tree, and to be shot with arrows to death. He suffered in 286.

January 21st. ST. AGNES.

A Roman virgin, who at the age of thirteen having chosen Jesus Christ for her spouse, continued faithful to him, amidst all the solicitations and attempts that could possibly be made against her. Flattery could not move her, nor threats, nor torments terrify her; she had given her heart to Christ, and was resolved that nothing of this world should take it from him. Her constancy was first tried by fire, from whence, like pure gold, she came out without hurt, and afterwards by the sword of the executioner she gave up her soul, a holy victim, into the hands of her heavenly spouse, in 303. St. Agnes has always been looked upon by the church as a special patroness of purity.

January 22nd. SS. VINCENT AND ANASTASIUS, MM.

These two illustrious martyrs glorified God by their sufferings, the one in Spain, the other in Persia. The torments which they suffered were far beyond what any man could possibly have endured, unless supported by a supernatural strength. The racks, pullies, iron hooks, knotty clubs, gridirons, rubbing their wounds with sait, &c. seemed to give them new courage and vigour; for the more they suffered, the greater seemed to be the inward joy and consolation of their souls. Their hearts were burning with love, and truly did they exclaim with the apostle, *Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation? or distress? or famine? or nakedness? or danger? or persecution? or the sword? But in all these things they overcame because of Him that loved them.*

January 23rd. ST. RAYMUND.

St. Raymund, born at Pennafort in 1175, entered the religious order of St. Dominic in 1222. Having laboured without intermission in preaching, instructing, hearing confessions with wonderful fruit, and converting Heretics, Jews, and Moors, he died in 1275, in the hundreth year of his age, eminent in all virtues, but particularly in his charity to the poor and distressed. Pray for this spirit of charity, that thou mayest not be wanting to whatever part of it falls within thy power, whether in visiting, comforting, or relieving such as are in distress. It is the best reparation thou canst make for thy past hard-heartedness, for thy idle visits, for time and money mis-spent.

January 24th. ST. TIMOTHY.

He was a companion of St. Paul, and by him made bishop of Ephesus: with great zeal he endeavoured to withdraw the people of Ephesus from their idolatry in offering sacrifices to Diana. Their obstinate blindness rendered his endeavours fruitless, and they rewarded his charity by stoning him to death. Pious reading was the means by which St. Timothy, encouraged by the example of his virtuous mother, imbibed in his tender years, and nourished during the whole course of his life, the most fervent spirit of religion and all virtues; and his ardour for holy reading and meditation is commended by St. Paul, as the proof of his devotion and earnest desire of advancing in divine charity.

January 25th. THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

The Church in thanksgiving to God for the miraculous conversion of St. Paul (an account of which is given in the 9th and 22nd chapters of the Acts of the Apostles), from which it has derived such great blessings, and to commemorate so miraculous an instance of Almighty power, and to propose to penitents a perfect model of a true conversion, has instituted this festival, which is mentioned in several calendars and missals of the eighth and ninth centuries, and which pope Innocent III. commanded to be observed with great solemnity. In England it was formerly kept as a holy-day of obligation.

In a territory of the province of Lecca, there was a certain nun who was held in great reputation for her sanctity about the time that St. Joseph of Cupertino lived, and he being one day in the house of the marquis of that place, and being asked by him concerning his opinion of the report which was circulated of the sanctity of that nun, he replied, "One you have here who is indeed a saint, who is not known;" and forthwith he named to him a certain poor widow, concerning whom there had never been any talk. The marquis made inquiries concerning the qualities of this one, and he found that she always remained at home shut up in her little cottage along with her little daughters, continually working in order to maintain them, and that she never suffered herself to be seen out of doors except once a day, which was very early in the morning, when she went to church to hear Mass.

The worst evil in those who have a good will is, that they wish to be that which they cannot be, and are not willing to be that which they necessarily ought to be. They conceive a desire of performing great actions of piety, which they will perhaps never have the opportunity to perform; and in the meanwhile neglect those little occasions which our Lord continually throws in their way. There are a thousand of these little acts of virtue, such as to support the importunities and imperfections of our neighbours, to suffer a little harsh word, or to be wronged in some little matter, to repress a feeling of disdain, to mortify some little affection, some little over-eagerness in speaking or hearing, to excuse an indiseretion, to condescend to others in little matters, and such like things, These are things which all have in their power, and why not practise them? The opportunities for gaining great sums come seldom; but as for little gains, one can make many of them every day: and if we manage these little gains with judgment, it is by them that we shall become enriched. Oh, what saints we should become, and how rich in merits, if we only knew how to profit by the occasions which our vocation and state of life furnishes to us! Yes, yes, let us apply ourselves to take the beaten road which lies nearest to us, and to perform well the first day's journey, without troubling ourselves about the last, and we shall not fail to make a good progress.—ST. FRANCIS OF SALES.

ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
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